

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

To Sto. E. Lancelott—L. Cook G. Barnaby—Sto. R. Broome—  
A.B. G. Pearl—Ch. Sto. J. Collins—L.T.O. V. Raynes

Your Gardening work  
still pays a dividend,  
**ROY BROOME**, and the  
border is full of colour

THERE are still a few flowers  
blooming, Roy, in your  
garden at 174 Foxendon Lane,  
Chadderton, Oldham. Mother  
was cutting a few from the  
border when we arrived.

All father's energies go into  
the garden now during the time  
he can spare from timekeeping  
... working from 7 a.m. to  
7 p.m., he certainly is some  
timekeeper!

That's a grand painting of  
yours hanging in the dining-  
room, and the models you  
laboured over with knife and  
spokeshave have pride of  
place in the front room with  
the submarine model well to  
the fore.

Mother couldn't give us any  
news because she writes regu-  
larly. Asks if you knew that  
your pal Les Kelly was in  
England after suffering a  
wound in Normandy. Brother  
Eric is O.K., Mother told us.  
He asks about news of you, and  
is soldiering somewhere in  
Europe.

Message from Mother:  
"We're counting the days until  
you can come home again for  
good."

It's a long twisting  
journey to your home,  
**GEORGE PEARL**, but  
it's worth making

HOW do you get home,  
George, when on leave?  
We got lost several times in  
the twisting lanes looking for  
2 Anvil Cottage, Bedford, near  
Woodbridge — also, somebody  
directed us to Beddingfield,  
which turned out to be not  
quite the same thing, though it  
sounded like it.

Still, we did find your  
Mother, and looking very  
well, too, and so was sister  
Olive. Her children, Ronnie  
and Doreen, joined in for a  
photograph, while the kitten  
tried to do some ship's cat  
stuff on the clothes prop, but  
he went so high he climbed  
out of the picture.

Ronnie, by the way, remem-  
bers the chocolate his uncle  
brought home, so he, like all the  
rest of your family, look for-  
ward to seeing you home again  
soon!

Your friend, Jack Pipe, asked

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

You'd like to hear about  
girl-friend Gladys, no doubt.  
We had to await her home-  
coming from work at Metro-  
Vics. She is in the stores  
department now, but before  
she left engraving, Gladys  
fashioned with her own fair  
hands a cute little fob brooch,  
from some stuff she calls  
"Traffolyte." In it she wears  
a diminutive picture of a  
submariner... (one guess).

Gladys polished the brass  
nameplate of her submarine  
model as she told us about  
working with you at Coopers,  
and, latterly, meetings with  
you there prior to doing shows  
at Manchester theatres. When  
she's not working late, Gladys  
has to make do with girl-  
friend Nancy these days.

Her father and mother send  
fond wishes, and we left Gladys  
trying to think of things to in-  
clude in your Christmas parcel.

Someone said, "You want  
the war over, and Roy back  
again." Gladys's reply was  
most expressive — "OOH,  
RATHER!" Good hunting!

It was quite a job to  
get your Mother, **JOE  
COLLINS**, to pose for  
our back page, but she  
capitulated at last

MOTHER was very shy in-  
deed about facing our  
camera, Joe Collins—she only  
capitulated under the persua-  
sion of Rose and Ronald. Rose,  
your sister, was at home with a  
day off, and Ron is on leave, so  
that accounts for his being  
present.

Your mother sends love,  
and hopes to see you soon.  
Your very welcome air mail  
came on Sept. 25.

Kate and Ann both well.  
Did you know Kate has a baby  
boy one week old? Both doing  
well.

Father was not at home; he  
is still swarming up roofs, and  
quite happy and well!

Letters came from Harold  
and Harry (France) on Sept.  
20. Both fit and well.

The "White Lion" is still  
carrying on in spite of con-  
siderable local thirst. Often  
some friends enquire after  
you.

Ours was a very nice cup  
of tea with the family; then  
we gave a lift to Rose and Ron.  
to Yarmouth, and left them  
strolling down Regent Street.  
Must be a cinema about some-  
where, surely?

after you, and so did Mr.  
Cordy, of Diss—remember him?  
Tell Jim his Dad is well and  
intends getting a bull mastiff  
pup to train for police work.

Olive says you have not  
seen Doreen—you can now,  
in the photograph.

Just as we were going your  
Dad came in from threshing.  
He regretted not being able to  
send you a "good luck" glass  
of beer, but promises to save  
you some.

Mother says never mind that,  
she will put something good in  
your tea. She is saving dried  
plums for your favourite pud-  
ding. Bella came in, and sends  
regards.

# All Our Love and Kisses

And there are pictures for you on the back page

What's all this we  
hear from Mother,  
**GEORGE BARNABY**,  
about Vienna Rolls?

WHAT is this we hear about  
Vienna rolls, George? We  
took a photograph of some of  
your people at Park Road,  
Lowestoft, and asked your  
mother if she had any message  
for you.

Most certainly she had.  
"Tell him to hurry up and  
come home and make some  
Vienna rolls. Give him my  
love, of course, and just  
mention there are a lot of  
odd jobs waiting."

No doubt you can hear your  
mother saying this in her jolly  
manner. It does seem you are  
looked on as a handyman—  
sailors usually are.

Bill in France is well—a let-  
ter came from him on Sept. 20.

Your wife was with Lena at  
Oxford for a few days. She  
came home on Sept. 25th, and  
then had the bad news that

Edward, her brother, had died  
of wounds in a prisoner-of-war  
camp. Iris has written you  
about this. This news has up-  
set Mrs. Arnold very much—it  
was so unexpected.

Brother Jack and Peggy  
were married at Lincoln on  
Sept. 18th, and came to  
Lowestoft for the honeymoon.  
No doubt Iris will tell you  
all about this, too.

Eric writes to say he is due  
for overseas and may be on  
his way any day.

All at home are well—you  
will see those we managed to  
round up in the photograph.  
Your two nieces will have  
grown since you saw them.  
Tough luck little Barbara has  
never seen her father—she is  
only two-and-a-half and he a  
prisoner of war in Japan three  
years.

Quite likely little Margaret  
doesn't know her dad either—  
he being a prisoner of war in  
Germany.

Goodness knows what Bar-  
bara thought of the camera  
she started to cry, but  
changed her mind when  
nothing nasty happened after  
the "click." Your wife sends  
her love. She certainly looks  
very well.

You know Mary the  
dancer, **EBENEZER  
LANCELOTT**. But here  
is Mary the worker.  
Mary of the Nimble  
fingers.

THE Skymen often depend  
(and suspend) on the re-  
sults of the good work of girl-  
friend Mary, Stoker Ebenezer  
Lancelott, and we bring you a  
picture of her all the way from  
Lower Crumpsall, Manchester.

You've seen Mary often  
enough, the Mary you danced  
with at Jimmy Winter's and  
Belle Vue, but here is Mary  
the worker, or inspector Miss  
Postlethwaite, at work on  
miles of nylon parachute  
cords at the works of James  
Austin and Sons.

Important stuff, parachute  
cord, and Mary's nimble fingers  
fly as she checks for flaws.

Mary has just celebrated her  
nineteenth birthday, so this  
can be her birthday picture for

you wherever you may be, and  
her wishes come with it.

Sister Sarah Ellen (Nellie)  
and Mother were at home at  
5 Dunsley Avenue, New Mos-  
ton. Nellie did not smile at  
us, because she had just  
visited the dentist when we  
called. All news from home  
is good, says Mother.

She hears regularly from  
brothers Walter (serving in  
Italy) and Albert (Middle  
East). The Padre wrote to her  
telling of your departure on a  
new cruise. All send good  
wishes.

## St. Paul Says:

MOREOVER, brethren, I  
would not that ye should  
be ignorant, how that all our  
fathers were under the cloud,  
and all passed through the sea;  
And were all baptised unto  
Moses in the cloud and in the  
sea;  
And did all eat the same  
spiritual meat;

And did all drink the same  
spiritual drink: for they drank  
of that spiritual Rock that fol-  
lowed them: and that Rock was  
Christ.

But with many of them God  
was not well pleased; for they  
were overthrown in the wilder-  
ness.

Now these things were our  
examples, to the intent we  
should not lust after evil  
things, as they also lusted.

Neither be ye idolaters, as  
were some of them; as it is  
written, The people sat down  
to eat and drink, and rose up  
to play.

Wherefore let him that think-  
eth he standeth take heed lest  
he fall.

There hath no temptation  
taken you but such as is com-  
mon to man; but God is faith-  
ful, who will not suffer you to  
be tempted above that ye are  
able; but will with the tempta-  
tion also make a way to  
escape, that ye may be able to  
bear it.

I speak as to wise men;  
judge ye what I say.

Ye cannot drink the cup of  
the Lord, and the cup of devils;  
ye cannot be partakers of the  
Lord's table, and of the table  
of devils.

Do we provoke the Lord to  
jealousy? Are we stronger  
than he?

All things are lawful for me,  
but all things are not exped-  
ient: all things are lawful for  
me, but all things edify not.

Let no man seek his own, but  
every man another's wealth.  
Whatsoever is sold in the  
shambles, that eat, asking no  
question for conscience sake.

For the earth is the Lord's,  
and the fulness thereof.

Every Sailor June  
meets in the street  
she thinks must be  
the one that matters—  
her Daddy, **VICTOR  
RAYNES**

WE called at Keppock Hill  
Road, Glasgow, Victor, to  
get a message for you from  
your wife and daughter June.  
As June was round at the Nur-  
sery School, we had to come  
back later to get a picture.

We admired your decorating  
abilities, as we understand from  
your wife your hobby is in-  
terior decorations.

Your wife has just recently  
returned from Chester, where  
they had a fine time with  
your Mum and Dad, and they  
also visited Nellie and John,  
who wish to be remembered  
to you.

Charlie and Joyce were very  
well when your wife stayed

with them. Charlie has now  
given up his chickens and gone  
in for ducks; so that when they  
grow up they can join the Sub-  
marine Service.

The "Red Lion" still sells  
lots of draught beer, but your  
wife says she will have a  
couple of bottles of Scotch and  
a grand welcome waiting for  
you when you return.

Bobbie is coming home for  
Christmas from India after  
four and a half years, and we  
think he well deserves his luck.

June says every time some-  
one knocks, "Is that my  
Daddy?" and every sailor  
she sees in the street she  
thinks is THE one that  
matters.

While these notes were being  
written she was busy surround-  
ing us with her toys—this cere-  
mony enabled her to dodge  
going to bed for a few extra  
minutes!

Your wife likes it much bet-  
ter at nights now the lights  
have gone up again, but she  
very seldom goes out now. She  
sends all her love and a big  
kiss and a hug from June.  
Cheerio for now, and an early  
and safe return, and we hope  
you enjoy your birthday.

## BELIEVE IT—OR NOT

"SEND me something to re-  
member you by," wrote  
Sergeant Andy Fremer, in  
Iran, to his girl friend in  
Albany, New York.

So Elsa Dannheimer went to  
a dentist, and soon a Dann-  
heimer tooth, packed in cotton  
wool, was on a 7,000-mile jour-  
ney to Sergeant Fremer.

Said Elsa later: "I've had a  
letter saying he felt flattered  
to think I'd had one of my  
front teeth pulled out specially  
for him."

That's what he thinks.  
Actually, it was a back tooth

which had been aching. I was  
going to have it out anyway."

HOHN BOLLINGER (aged  
40), of Seattle, cannot stop  
running backwards.

This, at any rate, is what he  
told the psychiatrists when he  
was being examined on a  
charge of attempted suicide.

He said he had three times  
tried to "end it all" because  
he was tired of the habit, which  
he could not control.

"The first time I caught my-  
self at it was four years ago,"  
he said. "I was trying to enter

a restaurant where I am em-  
ployed.

"I walked up to a window,  
and the next thing I knew I  
was back at the kerb. I tried  
again, and this time I found  
myself running backwards  
round the building.

"Over and over again I  
caught myself doing it, and  
could never stop myself. At  
last somebody stopped me and  
had me taken to a hospital."

The court sent him back to  
another hospital.

RECEIPTS of conscience  
money have declined sharp-  
ly. In 1942 they brought the  
Treasury £14,862; last year, as

the nation's recently published  
accounts show, the total was  
only £3,101. The reason for  
the decline is that P.A.Y.E. has  
practically put an end to tax-  
dodging.

The majority of conscience-  
money payments are in respect  
of avoided taxes, and the total  
is normally made up of small  
amounts—£20 being an average  
figure.

But there have been occa-  
sional large payments for "con-  
science sake." For instance,  
just before the war the Chan-  
cellor of the Exchequer acknow-  
ledged the receipt of one  
payment of £10,000, while  
there have been conscience  
items of £5,000 and £2,500.





# There's Fun in a Dark Room

ARE you one of those people who press the button, wind out the film, pack it off to the chemist, and impatiently await the result? If you are, you're dodging a practicable, profitable pastime and a whole heap of fun.

In many cases, as with you submariners right now, it is impossible to set up your own dark-room, but many people have no more substantial excuse than lack of initiative.

Expense can be dismissed by anyone who sends a good number of films away to be processed, for after a small initial outlay you can save on every one you do. If you feel inclined towards making some spare cash you'll find plenty of people ready to take at least one chance on your skill.

My troubles being those many of you are likely to meet, I might do worse than mention a few of them.

The usual objection, lack of room, confronted me as much as anyone, so my first dark-room was a dirty old loft. It was only lightproof in the evenings, and water had to be syphoned from the static water tank by means of a hosepipe. Not very scientific and not very satisfactory, but many pleasant hours were spent there, and many of the results hold places of honour in my albums.

Next I took over one of those appalling cupboards which hide themselves under staircases. This could be permanently blacked-out, and, in fact, in some houses such cupboards may be worthy of consideration. In this particular case, absence of running water and of ventilation added to perpetual backache were too much for me, so I moved on.

My most satisfactory makeshift dark-room was a bathroom, and I strongly recommend it for your consideration.

A cover can be made to convert the bath into a table; half should be left open to allow access to the water. With this arrangement you should be able to convert your bathroom into a dark-room in a few minutes.

Beware of heated airing cupboards, as most sensitised materials will not stand up to heat or damp; in fact, you will probably be best advised to store all chemicals outside your workroom.

Most of you will have done photographic printing at some time or other, but developing may be new to some.

If you really want to start

## DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

from scratch, all you need is a threepenny packet of developer, some hypo, a few pie dishes, and a couple of bulldog clips. However, if you intend to process many roll films, the outlay of about a pound for a developing tank will be well repaid.

The usual adjustable type of tank will take any film up to 3½ in. by 2½ in., i.e., 620 size, and, having been loaded in the dark, can be operated in the light.

The most fascinating of all photographic processes is enlarging, but if you wish to try your hand at this you will need more capital. I strongly advise you handcraftmen to make your own enlargers. Those on the market are very expensive, and a home-made one can give equally fine results. Any book on enlarging will give you the requirements.

Finally, here are some points to remember when choosing and using your dark-room.

**Beware of dust; a good layer of mud on the floor is not so bad, but dust is a real menace.** (This is another good factor in favour of a tiled bathroom as a dark-room.)

Always mop up spilt solutions instantly. If allowed to dry they will lead to chemical dust, and that means more trouble.

Dark-room lighting is a science of its own, but one well worth studying. Much of the misery of groping around in the dark can be eliminated if your safe-lights are well set out.

Try to fix up some sort of light trap ventilator. If you are working for several hours in a small room with several safe-lights and an enlarger, you'll find that quite a pea-souper develops.

**General tidiness, labelling of bottles, cleanliness of dishes and measures—all a bit of a bore, but all go to help happy, efficient work.**

Let's hope it will not be long before you are back home and able to get cracking on your dark-room.



High up on the fells, overlooking Scafell, the shepherd—Sam Brownrigg, of Millbeck—calls one of his dogs to work in the valley, hundreds of feet below. His other dog, Bright, sits beside him, with ears cocked as the whistle echoes through the air, and waits for his orders to join the round-up of sheep.

## Shepherd of the hills

THE mountain shepherd has a lot which few men, even in husbandry, envy. Yet those with rude health, physique, knowledge and wisdom to carry on the occupation are as happy and contented as any men in the kingdom.

Twice a day, all the year round, the shepherds of the Lake District climb the mountain ranges, varying from two to three thousand feet in height, to inspect their flocks of the small Herdwick sheep, famed for the sweet meat they yield.

**Torrential rain, snowstorms, icy winds, mist so dense that you cannot see more than a yard or two in front of you, are all in a day's work. The viler the weather, the greater the need to exercise vigilance over the flocks.**

The hazards to which mountain sheep are exposed are many, be the weather favourable or unfavourable. The Herdwicks go where the grass is sweetest, and often in search of fresh grazing they are betrayed into error; they are sure-footed enough among the precipitous rock buttresses, but blunder into places from which they cannot return.

Then it is that the shepherd has to essay feats of cragsmanship which might well daunt the most daring and skilful of rock-climbers. To descend on a rope belayed round a projecting knob or rock to extricate a crag-fast Herdwick is common enough. Because of skill, resource and intrepidity the shepherd is often called upon by the huntsmen of the Lake District foot packs of foxhounds to perform a like

service for hounds that, in pursuit of the mountain foxes, have ventured too far into the fastnesses of the mountain coombes.

One faculty possessed by the mountain shepherd strikes the visitor as something almost uncanny. Whatever may be the number of his flock—and sometimes it runs into thousands—the shepherd recognises each of his sheep as an individual. The Herdwicks are his children; he knows each of them by some tiny difference in their heads, eyes, or general make-up.

He picks out unerringly a sheep that for some reason or other the flockmaster may desire to inspect and examine. No need here for finger-prints. The shepherd retains in his mind's eye a dossier of each sheep as perfect as the dossier of a criminal in Scotland Yard. Woe be to a sheep-stealer if he makes the mistake of selling alive the sheep he has stolen!

With the shepherd as the chief witness, the police would have no difficulty in establishing one part, at least, of their case against a thief.

All the seasons of the year are alike to this master of the grazing pastures and of the lambing folds. Each brings its own characteristic work. Every hour of the man's waking existence is occupied to the full.

The lambing season requires perhaps the uneasiest and most watchful and longest hours. The shepherd must be the father and mother of the ewes, their lambs, the midwife, nurse

and physician, the protector against ravens and foxes and all other sorts of attendants rolled into one.

**Hardest of all times, however, are the sultry, droppy weeks when the bluebottles deposit their eggs on the sheep, and breed the maggots which, unless they are checked, eat the animals alive. There is no agony of flesh comparable with that the attacked sheep suffer. And the worst of it is that the sheep hide themselves in bracken, thigh or waist-high, to die. They have to be sought with the aid of cur dogs and brought to the light of day to be doctored, cauterised (on occasion), and dressed with salve or other ointment.**

In time of snow and frost, too, the shepherd's life is one long ordeal. Herdwicks buried in drifts on the mountains behind the high stone walls that run up to the summits are difficult to locate, and but for the keen noses of cur dogs and terriers, might never be discovered.

The shepherd must search for them all day long. Now and again he must traverse, in his nailed boots, slopes on which the mountaineer would not essay a journey unless he were equipped with an ice-axe to cut steps. The shepherd is not given to foolhardiness, nevertheless he must accept risks that a mountaineer would frown upon. And withal he may come on sheep with noses that, breathing through the snow and just appearing above the crust, have been bitten off by the pinemarten, an arboreal beast, akin to the fourmart, or pole-cat, of far-off days.

There are sights on the mountains deep in snow that few persons are privileged to see, such as, for instance, of a fox, with its bulbous feet, slipping across an ice-field on which pursuing hounds dare not venture. Such a sight gladdens his eyes and compensates him for all the hard drudgery of bringing sheep he has rescued to the farmstead.

In nothing is the shepherd more expert than in the repair of the high stone walls that are a distinguishing feature of the fell sides in the Lake Country. Half a century ago the craft of "walling" was followed by men who earned good money and were given their "keep" while lodging with dalesmen for whom they laboured.

These "wallers" have disappeared, but they passed on their craft to the shepherd, who will mend a broken-down

## SING THESE

... words which fit the tunes you know. Music sheets of both words and music are being distributed from various centres for the use of the "musical clever."

### DON'T ASK ME WHY.

(By courtesy of Campbell, Connolly and Co. Words by Joe Young; music by Robert Stolz.)

The song is through,  
The song I heard you singing.  
The notes turned blue,  
They're all in discord too.  
The song is through,  
No harmony is ringing,  
Just echoes of a melody,  
In memory that haunts me.  
Don't ask me why I'm leaving,  
Don't ask me why,  
Don't ask me why I'm grieving,  
Don't ask me why,  
I only want to tell you  
I'll miss you so,  
And love you forever,  
Forget you never,  
Tho' you may hear me sighing,  
Don't ask me why,  
Just keep the moments flying,  
Till by-and-by.  
Then we will start a new love,  
You'll whisper you're a true love,  
And no more you'll be asking me why.

### SOME DAY, SOON.

By courtesy of Campbell, Connolly and Co. Words and music by Jimmy Leach.

Turn your face to the future,  
A new day is near.  
The sunbeams shining to-morrow

Will banish ev'ry tear. (So)  
Some day, soon,  
The clouds will roll away,  
Good times will come to stay,  
Some day, soon.  
Some day, soon,  
We'll start our lives anew,  
And make our dreams come true,  
Some day, soon.  
Time will erase the story  
Of the years we've been apart,  
We shall go on in glory,  
Hand-in-hand and heart-to-heart.  
Some day, soon,  
When all the world is stilled,  
Our hopes will be fulfilled,  
Some day, soon.

### WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING.

(Until We're There.)

(By courtesy of Noel Gay Music Co. By Ralph Butler and Noel Gay.)

We went from here to Lancashire,  
And then to Salisbury Plain,  
And then we get to Somerset,  
And now we're back again.  
We'd like to settle down,  
We seem to hope in vain,  
For someone's passed the word along,  
We're on the move again.  
We don't know where we're going until we're there,  
There's lots and lots of rumours in the air.  
We heard the Captain say,  
We're on the move to-day,  
We only hope the blinkin' sergeant-major knows the way.  
They've chased us round and round the barrack square,  
And now we're on the road to anywhere.  
No one's in the know,  
We're singing as we go,  
"Oh, we don't know where we're going until we're there."  
It's not so bad in Somerset,  
Where the cyder apples grow,  
It's not so bad on Salisbury Plain,  
With a Mary Jane, you know;  
It's not so bad in Lancashire,  
A couple of weeks a year,  
But, oh, crikey! where do we go from here?"

wall almost in the twinkling of an eye.

"It's all a matter," he says, "of putting plenty of 'middle' (small stones) in the wall. Given a substantial centre, you can soon restore a wall to its former height and strength, so that it prevents even the wickedest and most agile vagrant among the Herdwicks straying from its rightful pasture."

JOHN MULLER.

## Sandstorm at Sea

STRANGE things happen to ships, but not many experience a sandstorm miles out at sea. The landing ship (infantry) "Royal Scotsman" ran into one between Port Said and Malta.

"It was the most extraordinary thing I had ever seen," said the first lieutenant, Lieut. P. J. C. Christian, R.N.V.R., of Rustington, Sussex.

"We were a good way offshore when a terrific gale sprang up. We then ran into what looked like a good old-fashioned London pea-soup fog, and then the sand came down.

"There was sand everywhere. It worked its way into all the guns, which we had subsequently to strip completely and clean out.

"The most amazing thing of all was the way it tore all the paint off the weather side of the ship. An expert paint remover could not have made a better job of it.

"The gale lasted 48 hours, and when we reached Malta we had a spring clean. We needed it."





# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A REPORT reaching this country says the Germans have taken the trouble to print thousands of faked British and United Nations stamps, which they are distributing to stamp dealers in Sweden and in other neutral countries.

These pretend to be stamps printed in England and other parts of the free world, marking such events as the meeting between Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill, and between the leaders of America and Great Britain. At these meetings, so the Germans tell the dealers, the Mediterranean was handed over to Russia and Jamaica ceded to America.



The masterpiece of the forgeries is a double-size brown three-halfpenny issue of the same dimensions as the Coronation stamp. It shows King George and Marshal Stalin side by side with the Royal Orb on the left and the Red Star with the Hammer and Sickle on the right. Along the top is "U.S.S.R." and "Britannia" separated by a crown resting on the letters U.S.S.R. in monogram.

Amusingly enough, King George is depicted with a sour expression, while Marshal Stalin dominates the design, shouldering his way in front of the King.

Further to my recent notes on liberation stamps, an official notice now says that Waterlow and Sons, of London, have printed a new series of stamps for circulation in Belgium. The design depicts the rampant Lion of Belgium in conjunction with a large letter "V," recalling the Belgian Congo Victory issue of 1942.

The stamps printed in London for liberated France are not, after all, the first to be issued. The U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington have already issued a set for France, showing the Arc de Triomphe, and carrying the slogan, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," across the base of the design.

I understand the denominations already in circulation are 10 centimes slate, 50 c. yellow bistre, and 1 fr. 50 rose. To these values will be added a 1fr., 2fr. 50, 4fr., 5fr., and 10fr. Later, these American-made stamps will give place to the London printing bearing the Dulac head of Liberty.

It looks as though the A.M.G.O.T. stamps which were going to be used by the Allied Military Government in Northern France won't see the light of day.

From America also comes news of a printing of stamps for Luxembourg which will come into circulation as soon as the Luxembourg Government returns home. There are twelve values, and the design carries a pre-war likeness of H.R.H. the Grand Duchess set in a simple frame. These are intended only as an emergency measure, and they will be quickly followed by a new and more permanent series.

I suggested in a recent column that collectors might like to try their hand at designing a victory stamp for Great Britain. A G.P.O. official tells me:-

We cannot forecast any move to issue a special victory stamp. Consideration of a special commemorative issue involves many conferences and discussions before a final decision is made by the King.

Throughout the whole of Britain's stamp history since the issue of the first famous penny-blacks of Queen Victoria on May 6th, 1840, there have actually been only six special issues.

Illustrated here is one of two stamps issued by Eire to commemorate the tercentenary of Michael O'Clery, the historian, the other value being 1s. The Spanish stamp is one of a series commemorating the Millennium of Castile. The French postage due was issued this year by the Vichy Government, while the Flandre stamp is an addition to the Coats-of-Arms series honouring many French cities.

A man entered a confectioner's. "You say on your board outside that you make the finest pastry in the town, and you supply clubs." "Yes, sir." "Well, give me a club to break this rock-cake I bought from you."



**Good  
Morning**

# All Our Love and Kisses



There are a couple of bottles of Scotch waiting for L.T.O. Victor Raynes when he gets home, but we've a shrewd idea this picture will cheer him even more.



And now, Stoker Reg. McCallum, we've a confession to make. We've pinched this charming photograph of your niece from a family group (it appeared in "Good Morning," No. 495), and enlarged it because we thought it so attractive. The young lady sends this message, "Hurry up and come home, Uncle."



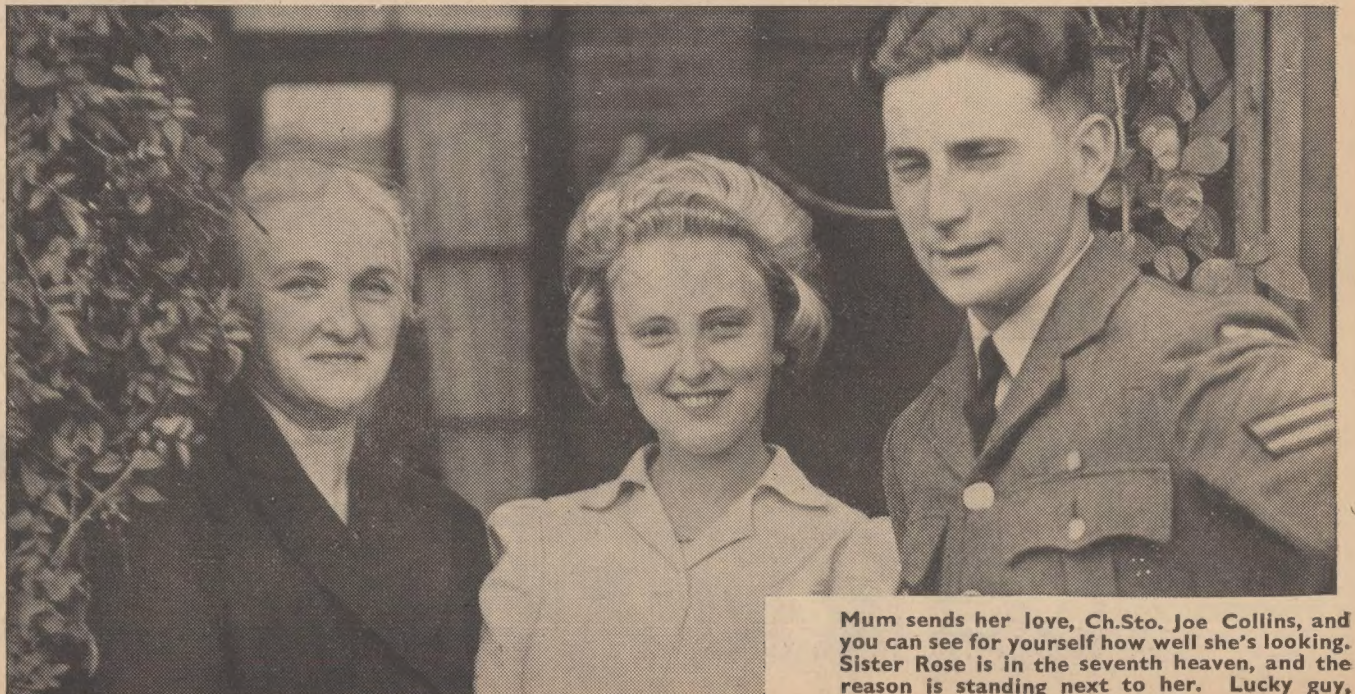
See how well your mother is looking, A.B. George Pearl. And what do you think of the new addition to the family circle, your sister Olive's new baby, Doreen?



Here's a prize packet for you, L.Ck. George Barnaby, from Park Road, Lowestoft. We have crammed into this picture all the members of your family we could round up on the afternoon we called. Don't you think Margaret and Barbara are growing into grand little girls?



"Ahoy, there, Stoker Roy Broome. There's no need to tell you who this is! Gladys is trying to show you the cute little metal fob she made herself, to keep your photo. in. You lucky chap!"



Mum sends her love, Ch.Sto. Joe Collins, and you can see for yourself how well she's looking. Sister Rose is in the seventh heaven, and the reason is standing next to her. Lucky guy, Ron, we thought.